

Emma, do you remember the adventure?

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Category: Once Upon a Time

Genre: Adventure, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-07 18:20:06

Updated: 2016-04-07 18:20:06

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:18:37

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,078

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Emma and Regina. Two princess' with two very different childhood's constantly bound together by adventure and a flickering sparkle in Regina's eye. 10 years later, with war between the Kingdom's tearing apart the Enchanted Forest, they meet again. Although this time it seems fate is not the puppet master.

Emma, do you remember the adventure?

A/N: I'm so excited to get back to the fanfiction world. Writing is my passion and Emma and Regina deserve yet another story to be toldâ€| here we go.

The little girl screamed in delight as she chased her arrow. It had swooped much higher than her little arms could reach, dancing across the sky before fiercely denting the undergrowth.

"Again, again!" Princess Emma shrieked bow squashed under her arm pit, leaves willowing through her blonde hair. A pink tongue could be seen poking out of her mouth as the next arrow was lined up. This one flew even higher. Emma could have sworn she saw it scale the clouds as the princess' harmonious laughter tangled with the wind's song.

"That's my Princess," the Queen clapped watching blonde waves whoosh out of sight as her daughter disappeared once more.

Emma bit her lip, brain whirring at the location of the arrow. Green clumps marred her vision- the arrow wedged carefully between two Niphredil's. Eight years old with a thirst for adventure, the little blonde found her grip and began to scale the ageing trunk with ease. She could see everything from up thereâ€| the turquoise streams like ribbons on a dusty dress; fissures, cracks in the earth that held a thousand secrets and to her left, her parent's castle. Emma inhaled and allowed the sparkle of the forest to emulate her own.

What she couldn't see was the other side. The shade.

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The hand was a warning sign; the pressure of finger tips on the small of her back. Regina swallowed and staggered in to her mother's grip.

"Smile," Cora hissed through a broken grimace of her own. "Remember what I taught you?"

"Power can be conveyed many ways but never through weakness," Regina replied.

Cora released the tension on her daughter's back- only slightly-enough to say, good girl. There was no sparkle in the Princess' eyes. No adventure. Regina had been brought up on the knowledge that for a woman to make it in the patriarchy, she must be perfection. Error was unimaginable because a man would make no room for one. Queen Cora was a fierce ruler, a powerful force that dominated the west side of the Enchanted Forest. Regality was evident in her gait, her voice and the wicked gleam of her eye when power was handed to her. No, not handed to her. Nothing was ever handed to the Queen- she took it.

"Your highness," Cora bowed gracefully towards Snow White, tensing her fingers in a web around Regina's back forcing her daughter to do the same.

Queen Snow nodded at Cora's bow and turned towards Regina, smiling warmly, "Thank you for coming Princess Regina and Queen Cora. We are honoured."

At this the King placed a hand on his wife's shoulder, "I know our Emma will be delighted to have someone young enough to fit through the holes in the castle walls." He chuckled and winked at Regina, "I hope you like exploring."

Cora pursed her lips, a venom brewing within her stare. "I don't think that will be appropriate for my Regina," she said icily, her puppeting hand tapping a slow rhythm on to the princess' back. Regina stiffened and dropped her gaze.

Snow sighed, "Yes, well there's no stopping her. She's a free spirit. Speaking of Emma, where is she?"

"I'm here!"

All eyes turned to the blur of blonde and green. The little girl's skirt had risen high above her knees exposing reddened shins, and hair sat in clumps around her muddied face. Cora practically snorted with disgust but Regina just stared, sparkling. Emma grinned.

And in that moment both princess' saw adventure.

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It was as if Emma had never met a child before. She had, of course. There were children all over court but every single one felt alien to the eight-year-old. But this girl, this Regina, she was hers. She was _like_ her and to Emma that was enough incentive to find a

sparkle.

"I'm going to show you _all _the best places to hide!" the blonde hissed excitedly, grabbing the other child's hand. It was cold but not icy and Emma could feel a raging pulse thirsty for an adventure she was all too willing to share.

Regina could feel her mother's stare, the ghost of her touch still resting upon her back yet for once in her life she just laughed. At ten-years-old she was treated like an adult. She wore maturity like an oversized coat- it didn't fit yet her mother did everything she could to tighten the seams. Regina couldn't remember that last time she laughed or how beautiful it sounded to be entwined with someone else's. Their laughter sung louder than any other warning from her mother's lips and as the pair raced through the halls, echoes the only reminder of their tiny footsteps, Regina found herself wondering whether Cora had been wrong. Real power wasn't in detachment but in happiness.

Much to the Queen's distaste, Emma and Regina became entirely immersed in one another's lives. Regina would stay for days at a time in the White Castle. Every day was a new game, a new adventure. Emma taught the older girl how to climb trees, shoot an arrow and Regina taught Emma how to paint and draw the adventures they shared, even if it was only in their minds. And as they danced together in the ribboning streams, neither Princess was aware of the cloud that shadowed their friendship- the murmurings and worries that divided the two kingdoms.

"I cannot allow your daughter to keep corrupting mine. She has a legacy to uphold- a Kingdom- and I, for one, am not going to risk everything for an infantile friendship," Cora would spit, seething.

"Cora, your daughter is a ten-year-old girl! It is her duty to explore the kingdom she will one day rule."

"Have you not forgotten the wars? The Enchanted Forest has boundaries, kingdoms for a reason. We are civil, yes, but we cannot blur these restrictions!"

It was a sad truth that whilst the two girls' grew together, their kingdoms were ripping apart.

"Emma?"

"Yes, Regina?"

"Do you think there will be another war?"

Emma sighed and began to draw her hand through the daisies. The sun was just beginning to set over the forest, a dappled rainbow painting the fields in a beautiful glow.

"I'm not sure. I don't think so."

Regina closed her eyes. "But what happens if there is? Will this change?"

Emma grinned up at the dipping sun, "Never. It will just be another

adventure."

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There was something different about the light that day. It was as if the universe was changing, a story altering. _Stella Mutata Scriptum. _Regina had read about the ancient folklore in one of her tutoring sessions. The princess had thought it hopelessly romantic, almost promising- as if her life was worth as much as the stars. _That's your star_, Emma had whispered the night before, _the bright oneâ€| and that one, that's my starâ€| see? We're next to each other._

Only the biggest star was left at this hour. She was to meet Emma at noon by their favourite tree- the same one the blonde had first taught her to climb. She grinned just remembering the view from the top- the infinityâ€| the infinity that she now had someone to share with. As always, the quickest way to reach the tree involved a walk through the village. This, Regina also loved. Streets a buzz with bodies, selling, buying, laughing, arguing: every emotion under the sun down that one street. She slipped through the markets, silently inhaling the atmosphere whilst remaining under the shadow of the trees. Laughing, she spotted Emma attempting to barter with a fruit seller. The blonde looked ridiculous standing next to the elephantine man and Regina could tell from across the street that her best friend was on her tip-toes.

"Emma!" the brunette yelled, waving frantically with a grin so wide it could capture the stars.

The blonde turned but she couldn't yell back. She couldn't even scream as the hand snaked over her mouth, the sack dragged over her body. It was all Regina could see as she ran, blindly, through the crowds her screams drowning in an ocean of noise. _Emma._

A hand on her shoulder brought her back to the surface. "Child, are you alright?"

Regina swallowed as tears stained now hollow cheeks. "No," she croaked, "my friend- the princess- Emma!"

The man lifted his head and Regina didn't see the gleam in his eye, "You must go and tell Queen Snow and King David immediately! Follow the stream, you will get there faster."

The princess nodded, for once her mother's words coursing through her. _Strength, Regina. _"Thank you," she whispered.

"Don't thank me, just run. Run, dearie."

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Princess Emma's abduction remained hidden from the Kingdom. It was thought the news could be the catalyst needed to shatter the fragility of the Kingdom's. Regina was taken back to her own castle immediately, hidden from all except her mother's most trusted advisers. For three days she was imprisoned not only physically but by her nightmares. Her mind replayed the moment Emma slipped through her fingers constantly; waking up only to a clawing scream that she wasn't even sure was her own. On the fourth day she woken by the sound of hoovesâ€|

"Regina?"

"Regina?" Cora repeated, knocking on the door of her daughter's bedroom in urgency. "Regina, come down stairs."

Emma looked so small when she saw her- it was as if existence had been taken out of her; the sparkle hidden behind clouds. But Regina didn't care. She rushed forward, a sob catching in her throat, her arms outstretched to engulf the one person in this world that woke her up-

"I'm sorry, Regina."

Snow swallowed and placed a hand on the young Princess' shoulder, stepping in front of her daughter. It felt different to every other time. More like her mother's touches, hard and austere, spidering across her back. Regina shivered.

"I don't understandâ€¦. Emma?" the brunette pleaded with the dull eyes of the younger princess'.

"Regina we are breaking ties with the White Kingdom," Cora said carefully. "It is too dangerous. The people don't agree with the mixing of the two kingdoms', hence why they attempted to steal the Princess. For both of your safety, you cannot see each other anymore."

"Emma?" Regina locked on to green eyes, "Emma, please. I need you."

And she could find no sparkle.

"Emma, say something, please," her sob echoed through the castle walls, fracturing any stillness. "What about our adventure?"

And the blonde took her mother's hand and whispered words which Regina could never erase, "Find a new one."

â€¦

10 years later. War.

"Princess Emma, Queen Regina's soldiers are nearing. Shall I send word to the troops?"

Emma sets her jaw and approaches the west wing window. The forest glistens in the setting sun, only the distant rumble of horses imply a war is about to disrupt the serenity. "Ready the troops but do not charge, I need to speak to my father first."

The guard leaves, emptying the space and once again only Emma's thoughts fill the vacuum. There have been rumours for several years about the unease in the West Kingdom; a tyrannical reign ever since the death of Queen Cora. Despite being once a place of harmony, the Enchanted Forest disbanded, splintering in to a five sharp Kingdom's. Emma has never met the Evil Queen, only heard of the stories that whisper through the forests. Those belonging to no kingdom have written of her evil, warning the royal family of Regina's danger.

The nineteen-year-old rasps on her parent's door. "Father?"

"Emma," the King pulls his daughter in to a warm hug, the smell of pine cones clinging to his robes.

"How's mother?" Emma whispers, craning her neck to see beyond the King's frame.

"Resting. How are you, Princess?"

Emma cringes, "I hate that word."

David laughs, "I know. You always have. But you're our warrior now, too." He creases his brow, "I've heard that Regina is finally attempting to attack."

The blonde rolls her eyes, "Well it was going to happen sooner or later. She's hungry."

"And so are you, Emma. Hungry to defend our people."

Emma nods vehemently and David smiles, "There's that sparkle I love."

**A/N: Please let me know what you think so far. **

End
file.